Prin. Faith, tell me now in earneſt, how came Falſtalffs ſword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, hee hackt it with his dagger, and ſaid hee would ſweare trueth out of England, but he would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleed, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the bloud of true men. I did that I did not this ſeuen yeere before, I blusht to heare his monſtrous deuices.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeers ago, and wert taken with the maner, and euer ſince thou haſt blusht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you behold theſe exhalations? *Prince.* I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot liuers, and cold purſes.

Bur. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falſtalffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare bone: how now my ſweete creature of bumbaſt, how long is't ago, Iacke, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine owne knee?

Fal. My owne knee? when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles talent in the waſte: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe ring: a plague of ſighing & griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villainous newes abroad, here was ſir Iohn Bracy from your father: you muſt to the Court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the North, Percy, and he of Wales, that gaue Amamon the baſtinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and ſwore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the croſſe of a Welſh hooke: what a plague call you him?

Poines. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the ſame, and his ſonne in law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that ſprightly Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horſe-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high ſpeede, and with his piſtol killes a ſparrow flying.

Fal.

Fal. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the ſparrow.

Fal. Well, that raſcall hath good mettall in him, hee w
runne.

Prin. Why, what a raſcall art thou then, to praiſe him
running?

Fal. A horſebacke (ye cuckow) but afoote he will not
a foote.

Prin. Yes Iacke, vpon inſtinct.

Falſt. I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: well, he is there too, an
Mordacke, and a thouſand blew-caps more. Worceſter is
away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with the
you may buy land now as cheape, as ſtinking Mackrel.

Prin. Why then, it is like, if there come a hotte Iune
this ciuill buffeting hold, we ſhall buy maidenheads, as th
hob-nailes, by the hundreds.

Falſt. By the maſſe, lad, thou ſaiſt true, it is like we ſha
good trading that way: but, tell me, Hal, art not thou h
afeard? thou being heire apparant, could the world pick
out three ſuch enemies againe, as that fiend Dowglas, th
rit Percy, & that diuell Glendower? art thou not horribly
doth not thy bloud thril at it?

Prin. Not a whit i faith, I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Falſt. Well, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow
thou commeſt to thy father, if thou loue mee: practiſe
ſwere.

Prince. Do thou ſtand for my father, and examine m
the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content. This chaire ſhall be my ſtate, thi
ger my ſcepter, and this cuſhion my crowne.

Prin. Thy ſtate is taken for a ioynd ſtoole, thy golden ſ
for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crowne, for a
bald crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire of grace bee not quite out of
now ſhalt thou be mooued. Giue mee a cup of Sacke to
my eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought I haue
for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it, in king Ca
vaine.